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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But fee, at length, the Britifh Genius fmile,
And fhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd ifle:
Behold, for POPE fhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one-----
Each Mufe for thee with kind contention ftrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondnefs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. BROWN.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

POETICAL WORKS

ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

IMITATIONS, ODES, VERSIFICATIONS, EPISTLES, MISCELLANIES, EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe-----
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride whatever is is right-----
That virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is ourſelves to know. ESS. ON MAN.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair conſort of her ſon replies;
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
This nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtræ,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt affata dolentem
Te tamen, ô genitrix, alienæ ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. quid ſi tibi mira ſororis
Fata meæ referam? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex aliâ genuit) notiſſima formâ
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,

Andræmon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a god, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd:
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the Fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.
Not diſtant far a wat'ry lotos grows;
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe cropp'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done;
But, lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood;

Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus acclivi devexo margine formam
Litoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope, fatorum neſcia; quoque
Indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul à ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccharum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret flores: et idem factura videbar
(Namque aderam.) Vidi guttas è flore cruentas

Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight;
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below.

Decidere, et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obſcœna Priapi,
Contulerat verſos ſervato nomine vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quæ cùm perterrita retrò
Ire et adoratis vellet deſcedere nymphis,
Hæſerunt radice pedes. Convellere pugnat:
Nec quicquam, niſi ſumma, movet. Succreſcit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos, [bant.
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tene-

Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
  Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.

At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt;
Et quærunt Dryopen; Dryopen quærentibus illis
Oſtendi Loton. tepido dant oſcula ligno:
Affuſique ſuæ radicibus arboris hærent.

Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtils a trickling tear;
And ſtraight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in ſighs complains.
  If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care;

Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Chara ſoror, lacrymæ verſo de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac dum licet, oraque præſtant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus:
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruiſſe nefas. patior ſinè crimine pœnam.
Viximus innocuæ ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes, et cæſa ſecuribus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; noſtraque ſub arbore ſæpe

And to his mother let him oft' be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed:
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh! let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe, farewell!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browſing cattle or the piercing ſteel.
Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.

Lac facitote bibat, noſtrâque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat, Latet hôc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores;
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Chare, vale, conjux, et tu germana paterque!
Queis ſi qua eſt pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morſu, frondes defendite noſtras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes."
 She ceas'd at once to ſpeak and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit, ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus: ſinè munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the ſylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;

Rege ſub hôc Pomona fuit: quâ nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit ſolertiùs hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera fœtûs:
Undè tenet nomen. Non ſylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed aduncâ dextera falce:
Quâ modò luxuriem premit, et ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit; fiſsâ modò cortice virgam

Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
  Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft' the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts or frequent the lawns,
The god whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
To paſs the fences, and ſurpriſe the fair?
Like theſe Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe rejected by the ſcornful dame.

Inferit; et ſuccos alieno præſtat alumno.
Nec patitur ſentire ſitim: bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus: et acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et ſatyri ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecêre, et pinu præcincti cornua panes,
Sylvanuſque ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis;
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur eâ? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.

To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears,
And firſt a reaper from the field appears:
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft' o'er his back a crooked ſithe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſunburnt temples ſhade:
Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruninghook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.

O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!
Tempora ſæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Defectum poterat gramen verſâſſe videri.
Sæpe manu ſtimulos rigidâ portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modò disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce datâ frondator erat, vitiſque putator:
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumptâ.
Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatæ gaudia formæ.

A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs:
Propp'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And, "Happy you!" he thus addreſs'd the maid,
"Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs outſhine
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.

Ille etiam pictâ redimitus tempora mitrâ,
Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis,
Aſſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit,
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oſcula; qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus: glebâque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contrà ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:
Quam ſociâ poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;

"Yet this tall elm, but for this vine," he ſaid,
"Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous Maid! let this example move
Your mind averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crowds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulyſſes' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.

At ſi ſtaret, ait, cælebs, ſinè palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ junctâ vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubitûſque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheïa movit
Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyſſei.
Nunc quoque, cùm fugias averſeriſque, petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et ſemideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.

But if you 'll proſper mark what I adviſe,
Whom age and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt:
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection as his early care.
Beſides, he 's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.

Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plùs omnibus illis,
Plùs quàm credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi ſelige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. Neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt
Quàm mihi. Nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe.
Hæc loca ſola colit. Nec uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modò vidit, amat. Tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quòd eſt juvenis: quòd naturale decôris

But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleaſures are the ſame.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleaſing off'ring when 't is made by you)
He values theſe; but yet, alas! complains
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you, can move the god's deſire;
Oh! crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think 't is Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!"

Munus habet; formaſque aptè fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licèt omnia) fiet. [tur,
Quid, quòd amatis item: quod, quæ tibi poma colun-
Primus habet; lætâque tenet tua munera dextra? 98
Sed neque jam fœtus deſiderat arbore demptos,
Nec quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas; 100
Nec quicquam, niſi te. Miſerere ardentis: et ipſum,
Qui petit, ore meo præſentem crede precari—
Sic tibi nec vernum naſcentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He ſtraight aſſum'd his native form again:
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face,
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Inſtrumenta ſibi. Taliſque apparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitas nitidiſſima ſolis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obſtante reluxit.
Vimque parat: ſed vi non eſt opus; inque figurâ
Capta Dei nympha eſt, et mutua vulnera ſentit.

IMITATIONS

OF ENGLISH POETS.

[Done by the Author in his youth.]

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From ſchoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey ducke fro the lake.
Right then there paſſen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpy'd of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew," crieth one,
"Ho!" quoth another, "Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſely clerke full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
"Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The ducke ſore tickleth his erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt
Forth thruſt a white neck and red creſt.
"Te-hee;" cry'd ladies; clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd, and grey ducke crieth "quaake."

"O moder, moder!" quoth the daughter,
"Be thilke ſame thing maids longen a'ter?
"Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
"Then truſt on mon whoſe yerde can talke."

II. SPENSER.

The Alley.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow paſs there is, with houſes low,
Where ever and anon the ſtream is ey'd,
And many a boat ſoft ſliding to and fro:
There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,
The ſhort thick ſob, loud ſcream, and ſhriller ſquall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring ly;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſunburnt matrons ſeen
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbour-
hood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies:
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are [drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſheſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her like a magpie chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight tears clothes and all to tat- [ters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand;
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, ev'n the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,

And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's,
tow'ry pride.

III. WALLER.

Of a lady ſinging to her lute.

Fair charmer! ceaſe; nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſs'd with theſe enchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he.

A poet made the ſilent wood purſue;
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

On a Fan of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto Aura Veni.

Come, gentle Air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris while her lover dies.

IV. COWLEY.

The Garden.

Fain would my Muſe the flow'ry treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;

Where lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial light,
And vary'd tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus, on the bank in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal fountains play,
By laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream.
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where ſummer's beauty midſt of winter ſtays,
And winter's coolneſs ſpite of ſummer's rays.

Weeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make ſorrow bright
Proud Grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The ſun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' miſts we ſee the ſun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The ſtars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that ſunny ſphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n the threaten'd world to ſpare
Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
Elſe might th' ambitious nymph aſpire
To ſet, like him, heav'n too on fire.

V. E. OF ROCHESTER.

On Silence.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt nothing all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway ere heav'n was form'd or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain:
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of fools, and cheat of all the wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But couldſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How church and ſtate ſhould be oblig'd to thee!
At ſenate and at bar how welcome wouldſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there ſubmiſſively withdraws
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd, and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee;
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI. E. OF DORSET.

Artemiſia.

THO' Artemiſia talks by fits
Of counſels, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails;
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs and ſo much pride
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

Phryne.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open ſhe was and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 't was *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII. DR. SWIFT.

The happy life of a country parson.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there 's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
For which thy patron 's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The Polyglot—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.
He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement

To the first publication of this Epistle.

This paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verſes to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my perſon, morals, and family, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of myſelf and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo awkward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the

truth and the ſentiment; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have, for the moſt part, ſpared their names, and they may eſcape being laughed at if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inſcribed that I make not as free uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage and honour on my ſide, that whereas by their proceeding any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs character can never be found out but by its truth and likeneſs. P.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

P. Shut, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I ſaid;
Tie up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The dog-ſtar rages! nay, 't is paſt a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnaſſus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no ſabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a parſon much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poeteſs, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza when he ſhould engroſs?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the cauſe:

Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What drop or noſtrum can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read, me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh and an aching head,
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your peace nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion; what you'd have it make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My friendſhip, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a patron; aſk him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 't was when he knew no better.

" Dare you refuſe him? Curll invites to dine,
" He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
" A virgin tragedy, an orphan muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the ſtage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the Houſe rejects him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
" And ſhame the fools--Your int'reſt, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtraight I clap the door;
" Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more."
'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a king)
His very miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt
(Some ſay his queen) was forc'd to ſpeak or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend! forbear; you deal in dang'rous
I'd never name queens, miniſters, or kings; [things;
Keep cloſe to ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an aſs:

The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
  You think this cruel? take it for a rule
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a ſcribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain;
The creature 's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimſy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Loſt the arch'd eyebrow or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho--A. Hold! for God's ſake--you 'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One flatt'rer 's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 't is ten times worſe when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic profe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubftreet will my fame defend,
And, more abufive, calls himfelf my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, " Subfcribe, fubfcribe!"
There are who to my perfon pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am fhort;
Ammon's great fon one fhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nofe, and, " Sir! you have an eye—"
Go on, obliging creatures! make me fee
All that difgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languifhing in bed
" Juft fo immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be fure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thoufand years ago.
Why did I write? what fin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lifp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father difobey'd:
The Mufe but ferv'd to eafe fome friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long difeafe, my life,
To fecond, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preferv'd to bear.
But why then publifh? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walfh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,
And St. John's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
  Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
  Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong I ſmil'd, if right I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 't were a ſin to rob them of their mite,
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribbalds,
From ſlaſhing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:

Each wight who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each word-catcher that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
 Were others angry; I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 't is not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whoſe fuſtian 's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe my modeſt Satire bade tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! But were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires,
Bleſs'd with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe;
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with ſcornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools; by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh if ſuch a man there be!
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!
What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls
Or plaſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian monarchs, from their ſight:

Poems I heeded (now berhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy daggled thro' the Town
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His library (where buſts of poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days ate;
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe;
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each gray-gooſe quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
So when a ſtateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſs'd be the great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay;
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My verſe, and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh! let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do;)
Maintain a poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books, I pleaſe;
Above a patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a miniſter my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, ſuch a genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my Style?
 Curs'd be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a lie, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent wounds an author's honeſt fame;
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhow the ſenſe of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And if he lie not muſt at leaſt betray;
Who to the Dean and ſilver bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make ſatire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus! that mere white curd of aſſes' milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel!
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet ſqueaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies;
His wit all ſee-ſaw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilette, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now ſtruts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt;

Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud nor ſervile, be one poet's praiſe,
That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways;
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a lie in verſe or proſe the ſame;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft' o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libell'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe on all he lov'd or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whiſper that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his ſov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the laſt!

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave 's a knave to me in ev'ry ſtate;
Alike my ſcorn if he ſucceed or fail
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 hireling ſcribbler or a hireling peer,
night of the Poſt corrupt or of the ſhire,
on a pillory, or near a throne,
e gain his prince's ear or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded ſat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lie.
To pleaſe a miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and Muſe:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule
It was a ſin to call our neighbour Fool;
That harmleſs mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore!
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue or in ſong.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung— A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise,
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
Oh, Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!

ı cares like these if length of days attend,
ay Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
eserve him social, cheerful, and serene, 416
ıd just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.
Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n
ıus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n. 419

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODE

OF HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HO

Advertisement.

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An ans from Horace was both more full and of more d nity than any I could have made in my own p son; and the example of much greater freedom so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seemed a pr with what indignation and contempt a Chris may treat vice or folly in ever so low or eve high a station. Both these authors were accepta to the princes and ministers under whom they liv The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desir the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasu and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been ecretary of State, neither of whom looked upo satire on vicious courts as any reflection on th they served in. And indeed there is not in the w a greater error than that which fools are so ap

fall into, and knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a ſatiriſt for a libeller; whereas to a true ſatiriſt nothing is ſo odious as a libeller; for the ſame reaſon as to a man truly virtuous nothing is ſo hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

Advertiſement.

WHOEVER expects a paraphraſe of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius or manner of writing, in theſe Imitations will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman poet for little more than his canvaſs; and if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe it is well; if not, he employs his own without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is ſo frequently ſerious where Horace is in jeſt, and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original than was neceſſary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient ſatiriſt he had hardly made choice of Horace, with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expreſſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with

dignity, and the moſt ornamented with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendour of colouring, his gravity and ſublimity of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that of Horace than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at Mr. Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius; and what Mr. Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf with turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked, then, why he took any body at all imitate, he has informed us in his Advertiſemen to which we may add, that this ſort of Imitatio which is of the nature of Parody, throws reflect grace and ſplendour on original wit. Beſides, deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imit tions to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to gi the name of Satires to Imitations.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are, (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[1] There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold;
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[2] The lines are weak, another 's pleas'd to ſay;
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a-day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
[3] I come to counſel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a fee.
F. [4] I 'd write no more.

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

[1] H. Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: [2] ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [3] Trebati,
Quid faciam præſcribe.
T. [4] Quieſcas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis,

P. Not write? but then I think,
[1] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the night ſeem tedious—take a wife:
[2] Or rather, truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine: *probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[3] Or if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's praiſe;
[4] You 'll gain at leaſt a knighthood or the bays.
P. What? like Sir [5] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce, [verſe,
With arms, and George, and Brunſwick, crowd the

Omnino verſus?

T. Aio.
H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [1] verum nequeo dormire.
T. [2] Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumque mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[3] Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, [4] multa laborum
Præmia laturus.
H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [5] neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horſe?
F. [1] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the royal line.
P. [2] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a-year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the poet's lays;
It is to hiſtory he truſts for praiſe.
F. [3] Better be Cibber, I 'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their truſt in Peter.

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi.
T. [1] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [2] niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem;
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [3] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumque nepotem?

[1] Ev'n thoſe you touch not hate you.
P. What ſhould ail 'em?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. [2] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie:
Ridotta ſips and dances till ſhe ſee
The doubling luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe:
[3] F— loves the ſenate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one egg to another.
[4] I love to pour out all myſelf as plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear
Will prove at leaſt the medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;

---

[1] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, et odit.
H. [2] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
[3] Caſtor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. [4] me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, noſtrûm meliores utroque.

Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[1] Verſeman or Proſeman, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus, in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[2] Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[3] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, ſupercargoes, ſharpers, and directors.

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam,
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc,[1] Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] [2] ſed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus: quem cur diſtringere coner,
[3] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? O pater et rex

ave but our army! and let Jove incruſt
vords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
t touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
hoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
[4] Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[5] Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not ſtung by pug.

---

[1] Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat [2] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[3] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur Urbe.
[4] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quis ſe judice certet.
[5] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit. unde, niſi intus

[1] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poifon you, they 'll only cheat.
[2] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter fhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be difplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerfal fhade;
Whether the darken'd room to mufe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the fkew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[3] Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print.
F. [4] Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perifh for a fong!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their teftors now to take your life.

Monftratum? [1] Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet fceleris pia dextera: (mirum!
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta. [bos)
[2] Ne longum faciam, feu me tranquilla fenectus
Exfpectat, feu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops, Romæ, feu fors ita jufferit, exful;
[3] Quifquis erit vitæ, fcribam, color.
T. [4] O puer, ut fis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

P. [1] What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men,
Daſh the proud gameſter in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a ſtar;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cauſe,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [2] ſtrip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'ſcape the laws.
Yes, while I live no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
[3] To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beſide may murmur or commend.

H. [1] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[2] Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, introrſum turpis; num Lælius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet [3] uni æquus virtute atque ejus amicis.

Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep:
[1] There my retreat the beſt companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and ſtateſmen out of place:
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul:
And he whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the ſtubborn plain
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
[2] Envy muſt own I live among the great
No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſpy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me know, who love me tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.

---

[1] Quin, ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcena, in ſecreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti luderi, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.
Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum ingeniumque; tamen me
[2] Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
[1] What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?
F. [2] Your plea is good; but still I say Beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
[3] Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.
P. [4] Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[5] In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you 're dismiss'd.

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[1] nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Dissentis.
T. [2] Equidem nihil hic diffindere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
[3] "Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
"Judiciumque."
H. Esto, si quis [4] mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare. si quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,
T. [5] Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

[1] What, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
[2] (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [3] before we dine;
[4] Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's ſermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[5] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. II.

[1] Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
([2] Nec meus hic ſermo eſt; ſed quem præcepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, [3] abnormis ſapiens, craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite, [4] non inter lances menſaſque nitentes;
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat;
[5] Verum hic impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis

“Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.
[1] Your wine lock'd up, your butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[2] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

Corruptus judex. leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum Græcari; ſeu pila velox,
Moliter auſterum ſtudio fallante laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis
Sperne cibum vilem; niſi Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta. [1] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas? aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque, nec oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[2] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro

[1] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[2] Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [3] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.

Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda: [iſta,
Tanquam ad rem attineat quicquam. num veſceris
Quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil, hac magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [1] laudas, inſane, trilibrem
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe lupos? quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
[2] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. at vos
[3] Præſentes Auſtri, coquite horum obſonia: quanquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſolicitat ſtomachum; cum rapula plenus

By what criterion do you eat, d' ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat;
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor.
[1] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old ſimplicity!
[2] The robin-redbreaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a martin's neſt,
Till baccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
[3] Let me extol a cat on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
[4] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice and fall into the other:

Atque acidas mavult inulas. [1] necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis,
Nigriſque eſt oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem
Galloni præconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquor alebat?
[2] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido;
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo
[3] Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos;
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.
[4] Sordidus a tenui victu diſtabit, Ofello

Between exceſs and famine lies a mean;
Plain but not ſordid, tho' not ſplendid clean.
[1]Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you 'll call a [2] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[3] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine:
But on ſome [4] lucky day, (as when they found
A loſt bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [5] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſouſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[6]He knows to live who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide nor on that;

Judice. nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris illud;
Si te alio pravum detorſeris. [1] Avidienus,
[2] Cui canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;
[3] Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum, et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre: (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosve dierum
[4] Feſtos albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [5] veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[6] Mundus erit, qui non offendet ſordibus, atque

Nor [1] ſtops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [2] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[3] Now hear what bleſſings temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
[4] Firſt health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft' [5] the ſchoolboy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[6] How pale each worſhipful and rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy or a city feaſt!
What life in all that ample body ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?

In neutram partem cultus miſer. [1] Hic neque ſervis.
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec ſic ut ſimplex [2] Nævius, unctam [num.
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque mag-
[3] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum
Afferat. [4] in primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex [5] olim tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [6] vides, ut pallidus omnis

The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal ev'n in ſound divines.
[1] On morning wings how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues!
How coming to the poet ev'ry Muſe!
[2] Not but we may exceed ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of truth or ſearch of rhyme:
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, old age:
[3] For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the veſſel drains?
[4] Our fathers prais'd rank ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young Men! our fathers had no noſe.

Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
[1] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[2] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive diem feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus; ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet. [3] tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus præſumis. mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus? [naſus
[4] Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia

Not ſo: a buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 't was their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[1] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
[2] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd [3] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [4] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [5] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

Illis nullus erat; ſed, credo, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [1] hos utinam
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet. [inter
[2] Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una [3] cum damno dedecus. adde
[4] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[5] As, laquei pretium.

[1] "Right," cries his Lordship; "for a rogue in need
"To have a taste is insolence indeed:
"In me 't is noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let [2] Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [3] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent.*
[4] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And [5] who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,

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[1] Jure, inquis, Trasius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [2] Ergo,
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
[3] Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum recte tibi semper erunt res?
[4] O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne
[5] Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;

Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"
[1] Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now [2] excis'd;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [3] brocoli and mutton round the year;
But [4] ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away:
'Tis true, no [5] turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[1] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc [2] accisis. videas metato in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quidquam, præter [3] olus, fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi, cum [4] longum post tempus venerat hospes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus, bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo, atque hœdo: tum [5] pensilis uva secundas

To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[1] From yon' old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall,
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [2] cheerful healths, (your miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what 's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay grace.
[3] Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt!
My life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame
Before and after [4] ſtanding armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own!

Et nux [1] ornabat menſas, cum duplice ficu.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [2] cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.
[3] Sæviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc [4] novus incola venit?

"Pity! to build without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [1] property? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [2] Peter Walter;
Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's ſhare,
Or in a jointure vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure [3] Equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt it falls to ſome [4] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[5] Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a ſcriv'ner or a city knight.
[6] Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

Nam [1] propriæ telluris herum natura, neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit, nos expulit ille:
Illum aut [2] nequities, aut [3] vafri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremo expellet certe [4] vivacior heres.
[5] Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius; ſed cedet in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [6] quocirca vivite fortes;
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

IMITATED.

The first part imitated in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift, the latter part added afterwards.

I 'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this, and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
' But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 't would ſound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.
  ' If I ne'er got or loſt a groat
' By any trick or any fault;

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſilvæ ſuper his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene eſt: nihil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.

'And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
'And not like forty other fools,
'As thus, "Vouchſafe, oh, gracious Maker!
'To grant me this and t' other acre;
'Or, if it be thy will and pleaſure,
'Direct my plough to find a treaſure;
'But only what my ſtation fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preſerve, almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, competence;
'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in verſe as true as proſe,
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor ſunk by ſpleen.'
In ſhort, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the Channel twice a-year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum; O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors qua mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat: hac prece te
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter ſoro;

I muſt by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown;
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe;
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger, of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,

Ingenium: utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinæ quæſtus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Inſtituunt, (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium. Romæ ſponſorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urge:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud
" To joſtle here among a crowd."
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
 I get a whiſper and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
 This humbly offers me his caſe—
That begs my int'reſt for a place—

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mi obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba; facienda injuria tardis.
Quid vis, inſane, et quas res agis? (improbus urget
Iratis precibus) tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; non mentiar. at ſimul atras

A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cause is gone"—
"The duke expects my lord and you
"About some great affair at two"—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 't is my first request."—
"Be satisfy'd, I 'll do my best:"—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;

Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum

Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What 's o'clock?" and, "How 's the wind?"
"Whoſe chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well.

In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota eſt? Thrax eſt Gallina Syro [par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent;
Et quæ rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ. Noſter ludos ſpectaverat una,
Luſerat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus a roſtris manat per compita rumor;
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit: O bone, (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)

“ How think you of our friend the Dean?
“ I wonder what ſome people mean;
“ My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
“ Always together *tête à tête.*
“ What! they admire him for his jokes—
“ See but the fortune of ſome folks!”
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
“ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
“ Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
“ Or do the prints and papers lie?”
“ Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.”
“ Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
“ 'Tis now no ſecret.” “ I proteſt
“ 'Tis one to me.”—“ Then tell us, pray,
“ When are the troops to have their pay?”
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa triquetra
Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux, non ſine votis:

They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
  Thus in a ſea of folly toſt
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt,
Yet always wiſhing to retreat:
Oh, could I ſee my country-ſeat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very dogs at eaſe!

O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes, cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipſe, meique
Ante Larem proprium veſcor; vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus. prout cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, ſolutus

Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what 's in either of the Houſes;
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn;
Which is the happier or the wiſer,
A man of merit or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our friends
For their own worth or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very beſt of all?
  Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a Town life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two Mice.

Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit lætius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: olim

Once on a time (ſo runs the fable)
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul;
Knew what was handſome, and would do 't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean)
Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet to his gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He ate himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his breeding and his wit;

Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quæſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque illi
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ;
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia cœna
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,

He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you 're mighty neat:
" But, Lord, my friend, this ſavage ſcene!
" For God's ſake come and live with men:
" Conſider mice, like men, muſt die,
" Both ſmall and great, both you and I;
" Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport,
" (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"
  The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they came, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſat late.)
  Behold the place where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, lethi fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor, quam ſis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere; domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat *tête à tête.*
  Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ca eſt bon! Ah gouter ca!*
" That jelly 's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain!
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I 'm quite aſham'd—'t is mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all 's ſo good!

Mœnia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos,
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula cœna,
Quæ procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes; necnon vernaliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.

"I have a thouſand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink)
"An't pleaſe your Honour," quoth the peaſant,
"This ſame deſert is not ſo pleaſant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A cruſt of bread and liberty!

Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domos alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait; et valeas; me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

IMITATED.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why[1] will you break the ſabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of envy and of praiſe.
Public too long, ah! let me hide my age;
See modeſt[2] Cibber now has left the ſtage:
Our gen'rals now, [3]retir'd to their eſtates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning ſatiate of applauſe,
Nor [4]fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunſwick's cauſe.
[5]A voice there is that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [6]Muſe take breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. I.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
[1]Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [2] Vejanius, armis
[3]Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum [4]extrema toties exoret arena.
[5]Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [6]ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

"Leſt ſtiff and ſtately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horſe."
Farewell then [1] verſe, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What [2] right, what true, what fit, we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this [3] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt the laſt.
But aſk not to what [4] doctors I apply?
Sworn to no maſter, of no ſect am I:
As drives the [5] ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a [6] patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the ſtate;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to virtue, [7] and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Ariſtippus or St. Paul
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;

Nunc itaque et [1] verſus et cætera ludicra pono;
Quid [2] verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in
hoc ſum:
[3] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [4] quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[5] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
Nunc agilis fio, et merſor [6] civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos, [7] rigiduſque ſatelles;

Back to my [1] native moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[2] Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whoſe love 's away,
Long as the year's dull circle ſeems to run
When the briſk minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow [3] th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf, and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant bus'neſs to a future day;
That [4] taſk which, as we follow or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe;
Which done the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done the richeſt muſt be poor.
[5] Late as it is I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [6] comfort not to be a fool.

Nunc in * Ariſtippi [1] furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[2] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [3] fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter [4] id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.
[5] Reſtat, ut his ego me ipſe regam [6] ſolerque elementis:

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res. P.

[1] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I 'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [2] go back is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [3] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and ſpells which can controul,
[4] Between the fits, this fever of the ſoul;
Know there are rhymes which, [5] freſh and freſh apply'd,
Will cure the arrant'ſt puppy of his pride.
Be [6] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[7] Slave to a wife, or vaſſal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch [8] bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient ear.

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[1] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quodam prodire [2] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[3] Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [4] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [5] certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[6] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [7] amator;
Nemo [8] adeo ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,

[1]'Tis the firſt virtue vices to abhor,
And the firſt wiſdom to be fool no more:
But to the world no [2]bugbear is ſo great
As want of figure and a ſmall eſtate.
To either India ſee the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn thro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [3]eaſe thy heart of all that it admires!
[4]Here Wiſdom calls, [5]"Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As gold to ſilver virtue is to gold."

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[1]Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quæ [2]maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum, cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore,
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [3]mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [4]ea, quæ ſtulte miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulci ſine pulvere palmæ?
"[5]Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.

There London's voice, [1] "Get money, money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine preach'd to all,
From [2] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [3] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
  Barnard in [4] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth, abounds;
"Pray then what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand
A penſion, or ſuch harneſs for a ſlave [pounds;
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [5] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their Honours! and ſo forth.
  Yet ev'ry [6] child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 't is virtue makes a king."
True conſcious honour is to feel no ſin;
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within:
Be this thy [7] ſcreen, and this thy wall of braſs;
Compar'd to this a miniſter 's an aſs.

"[1] O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum eſt;
"Virtus poſt nummos:" hæc [2] Janus ſummus ab imo
Perdocet; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[3] Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Si quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſunt;
Eſt [4] animus tibi, ſunt mores, et lingua, fideſque:
[5] Plebs eris. [6] at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [7] murus aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.

[1] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [2] Creſſy or Poitiers?
[3] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With praiſe or infamy leave that to Fate;
"Get place and wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a [4] box where eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the circle eye a king.
Or [5] he who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro',
And [6] while he bids thee ſets th' example too?
If [7] ſuch a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſs'd rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S**z take ſcandal at a ſpark
That leſs admires the [8] Palace than the Park;

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[1] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus [2] Curiis, et decantata Camillis?
[3] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui "Rem facias, rem,
"Si poſſis recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem;"
Ut [4] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Puppî:
An [5] qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum et erectum [6] præſens hortatur, et aptat?
[7] Quod ſi me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [8] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,

Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [1] Reynard gave,
"I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave;
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracts about,
"Full many a beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue if you 're once a ſlave:
Send her to court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a king 's a lion, at the leaſt
The [2] people are a many-headed beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one luſt of gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [3] country's wealth our mightier miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder provinces, the main:
The reſt, ſome farm the poor-box, ſome the pews;
Some keep aſſemblies, and would keep the ſtews;
Some [4] with fat bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;

Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit;
Olim quod [1] vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent,
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[2] Bellua multorum eſt capitum. nam quid ſequar,
aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit [3] conducere publica: ſunt qui
[4] Cruſtis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:

While with the ſilent growth of ten *per cent.*
In dirt and darkneſs [1] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [2] purſues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone;
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [3] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[4] Up ſtarts a palace; lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that [5] devil within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they [mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) ſpleen,
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug 's the word: my dear! we 'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [6] ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

---

[1] Multis occulto creſcit res fænore. [2] verum
Eſto aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
[3] Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit dives; [4] lacus et mare ſentit amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [5] vitioſa libido
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis fabri. [6] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:

[1] The fool whoſe wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [2] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the rich?
Well, but the [3] poor—the poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [4] weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaiſe and one;
They [5] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
 [6] You laugh half-beau, half-ſloven, if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [7] no prelate's lawn, with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind,

---

[1] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[2] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [3] pauper? ride: mutat [4] cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, tonſores; [5] conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
 [6] Si curtatus inæquali tonſore capillos
Occurri; rides: ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar;
Rides: quid, [7] mea cum pugnat ſententia ſecum?

When (each opinion with the next at ſtriſe,
One [1] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [2] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[3] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [4] once to Chanc'ry nor to Hale apply,
Yet hang your lip to ſee a ſeam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to me.
Is this my [5] guide, philoſopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [6] ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while op-
preſs'd;

Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[1] Æſtuat, et vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto?
[2] Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[3] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [4] medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A prætore dati; rerum [5] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem
De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, [6] dives,

Lov'd [1] without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home tho' exil'd; [2] free tho' in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
Just [3] less than Jove, and [4] much above a king:
Nay, half in heav'n—[5] except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demigod.

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[1] Liber, [2] honoratus, [3] pulcher, [4] rex denique regum;
Præcipue sanus, [5] nisi cum pituita molesta est.

HORACE BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

IMITATED.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
"To make men happy and to keep them ſo."
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
[1]This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred ſun, and ſtars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [2] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [3] earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [4] fools and ſlaves for gold?

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VI.

Nil admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[1]Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [2]formidine nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. [3]quid cenſes munera terræ?
Quid maris, extremos Arabas [4] ditantis et Indos?

Or [1] popularity? or ſtars and ſtrings?
The mob's applauſes, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what [2] eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
  If weak the [3] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe believe me we admire:
Whether we [4] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpris'd at better, or ſurpris'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and ſnatch the man away;
For [5] virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of madmen is a ſaint run mad.
  [6] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;

Ludicra, quid, [1] plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis,
Quo ſpectanda modo, [2] quo ſenſu credis, et ore?
[3] Qui timet his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor eſt utrobique moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque:
[4] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne, quid ad rem;
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?
[5] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra, quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
  [6] I nunc, argentum, et marmor vetus, æraque, et artes

Procure a taſte to double the ſurpriſe,
And gaze on [1] Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be ſtruck with bright [2] brocade or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' ſplendid livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [3] council-board rejoice
To ſee their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From [4] morn to night, at ſenate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [5] fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall [6] one whom Nature, learning, birth, conſpir'd
To form not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulneſs of ſome ſon of earth?
Yet [7] time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meaneſt have their day;
The greateſt can but blaze and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art [8] with all the pow'r of words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:

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[1] Suſpice: cum gemmis [2] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [3] mille loquentem:
Gnavus [4] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum,
[5] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mucius: (indignum, quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[6] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[7] Quidquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [8] cum bene notum

Conſpicuous ſcene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where kings and poets lie;
[1] Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
[2] Rack'd with ſciatics, martyr'd with the ſtone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the mind's diſeaſe;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [3] bleſs'd? deſpiſe low joys, low gains;
Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[4] But art thou one whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [5] then on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire.

Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat Numa [1] quo devenit et Ancus.
[2] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. [3] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis.
[4] virtutem verba putas, ut
Lucum ligna? [5] cave ne portus occupet alter,

Is wealth thy paſſion? hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
[1]Advance thy golden mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe;
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare:
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [2] wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [3] friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [4] man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus ſhall give him form, and Anſtis birth.
(Believe me many a [5] German prince is worſe,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purſe.)
His wealth [6] brave Timon glorioſly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[1] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera; porro
Tertia ſuccedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [2] uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et [3] amicos,
Et genus, et formam, regina [4] pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [5] Cappadocum rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. [6] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus,

Or if three ladies like a luckleſs play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the poet's day.
[1]Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you muſt be rich indeed:
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your fools and knaves;
Something which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[2] If wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[3] But if to pow'r and place your paſſion lie,
If in the pomp of life conſiſts the joy,
Then [4] hire a ſlave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom [5] to nod, whom take into your coach,

Qui poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot ha-
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque [bebo,
Eſſe domi chlamydum; partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[1] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et proſunt furibus. [2] ergo
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum;
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
[3] Si fortunatum ſpecies, et gratia præſtat;
[4] Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodiat latus, et [5] cogat trans pondera dextram

Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
Who [1] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him [2] son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and [3] laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continu'd treat,
If [4] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 't is break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So [5] Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we [6] ev'ry decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?

Porrigere. [1] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cui libet hic fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur. [2] frater, pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [3] facetus adopta
Si [4] bene qui cœnat, bene vivit: lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula; piscemur, venemur: (ut [5] olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum, populumque jubebat:
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum.) [6] crudi tumidique lavemur,

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
[1]K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk or foreign flame
Renounce our [2]country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with [3]Wilmot own
The cordial drop of life is love alone;
And Swift cry wisely *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
[4]Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or better precepts if you can impart;
Why do, I 'll follow them with all my heart.

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; [1]remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui potior [2]patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
[3]Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
[4]Vive; vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

[Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.]

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetic?
In Town what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis ſanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam; dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet:

"The dog-days are no more the cafe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then fouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out fome months 'twixt fun and fire,
And you fhall fee the firft warm weather
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diftinction you beftow,
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juft as a Scotfman does his plums.
"Pray take them, Sir—enough 's a feaft:
"Eat fome, and pocket up the reft"—
What, rob your boys? thofe pretty rogues!
"No, Sir, you 'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments befiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.

Officiofaque fedulitas, et opella forenfis
Adducit febres, et teftamenta refignat.
Quod fi bruma nives albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare defcendet vates tuus, et fibi parcet,
Contractufque leget; te, dulcis amice, revifet
Cum zephyris, fi concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vefci Calaber jubet hofpes,
Tu me fecifti locupletem. Vefcere fodes.
Jam fatis eft. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invifa feres pueris munufcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam fi dimittar onuftus.

Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 't is but juſt, I 'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good,
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I 'll ſay, You 'll find in me
A ſafe companion, and a free;
But if you 'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your reſolution
To give me back my conſtitution!
The ſprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the gaiety

Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultos donat quæ ſpernit et odit:
Hæc ſeges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratum:
Nec tamen ignorat quid diſtent æra lupinis.
Dignum præſtabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere proterv æ.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam

That laugh'd down many a ſummer ſun,
And kept you up ſo oft' till one,
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my ſtrain.
  A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink,
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the houſe
('Twas not a man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo;
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
  Sir, you may ſpare your application,
I 'm no ſuch beaſt, nor his relation,
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea ſubſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but liberty and eaſe.

Repſerat in cumeram frumenti: paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra.
Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I truſt that ſinking fund my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little houſe with trees a-row,
And, like its maſter, very low:
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I 'll die, nor worſe nor better.
  To ſet this matter full before ye
Our old friend Swift will tell his ſtory.
  "Harley, the nation's great ſupport"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

Sæpe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens.
Inſpice ſi poſſum donata reponere lætus.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
  Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

IMITATED.

Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat praetores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri, &c.*; the other, that this Piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apo-

logy for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of mankind! [1]ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main,
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws, amend;
[2]How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
    [3]Edward and Henry, now the boaſt of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [4]ſacred name,

HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [1]ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [2]publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
    [3]Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [4]Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;

After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd,
[1] Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[2] Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour paſt,
Had ſtill this monſter to ſubdue at laſt:
[3] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Thoſe ſuns of glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
 To thee the world its preſent homage pays,
The harveſt early, [4] but mature the praiſe:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame *;
Whoſe word is truth, as ſacred and rever'd
[5] As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.

---

[1] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [2] Invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
[3] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[4] Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
[5] Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,

Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
[1]None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
  Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your people, Sir, are partial in the reſt;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
[2] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote.
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben. ſo civil,
[3] He ſwears the Muſes mét him at The Devil.
  Tho' juſtly [4] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?

---

[1] Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hic populus, ſapiens et juſtus in uno,
* Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; et, niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit;
[2] Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina vatum,
[3] Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.
  Si, quia [4] Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque

In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, [1]we ſing, we dance, as well;
And [2]learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
  If [3]time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t' immortalize?
  "Who laſts a [4]century can have no flaw;
"I hold that wit a claſſic good in law."
  Suppoſe he wants a year will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [5]ancient, right, and ſound,

Scripta, vel optima; Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
[1]Pſallimus, et [2]luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si [3]meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus [4]centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno;
Inter quos referendus erit? [5]vetereſne poetas,

Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By [1] courtesy of England he may do."
Then by the rule that made the [2] horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [3] down Ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in [4] Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a [5] bier.
[6] Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.
Ben. old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
[7] The life to come in ev'ry poet's creed.

An quos et præsens et postera respuet ætas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur [1] honeste,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut [2] equinæ,
Paulatim vello, et demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione [3] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad [4] fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [5] libitina sacravit.
[6] Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,
Quo [7] promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

Who now reads [1] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But ſtill [2] I love the language of his heart.
"Yet ſurely, [3] ſurely theſe were famous men!
"What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben.?
"In all [4] debates where critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's art,
"Of Shakeſpeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
"How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow; [writ;
"But, for the paſſions, Southern, ſure, and Rowe!
"Theſe, [5] only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage
"From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [6] the people's voice is odd;
It is and it is not the voice of God.

---

[1] Nævius in manibus non eſt, et [2] mentibus hæret
Pene recens: [3] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur [4] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [5] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livi ſcriptoris ab ævo.
[6] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

To [1] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Carelefs Hufband praife,
Or fay our fathers never broke a rule,
Why then, I fay the Public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues I 'll agree.
Spenfer himfelf affects the [2] obfolete,
And Sidney's verfe halts ill on [3] Roman feet;
Milton's ftrong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
Now, ferpent-like, in [4] profe he fweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a fchool-divine.
[5] Not that I 'd lop the beauties from his book;
Like [6] flafhing Bentley with his defp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakefpeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [7] read at fchool.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with eafe;

Si [1] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis [2] antique, fi pleraque [3] dure
Dicere credit eos, [4] ignave multa fatetur;
Et fapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
[5] Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livi
Effe reor, memini quæ [6] plagofum [7] mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare;
fed emendata videri,

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the miſcellanies o'er)
One ſimile that [1] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [2] lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro' many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[3] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd not as bad, but new;
While if our elders break all Reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon but applauſe.
[4] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk if any weed can grow?
One tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which [5] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but perhaps a muſter-roll of names)

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter quæ [1] verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum, et
Si [2] verſus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuſte totum ducit venditque poema.
[3] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et præmia poſci.
[4] Recte necne crocum floreſque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [5] gravis Æſopus, que doctus Roſcius egit:

How will our fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear all ſhame is loſt in George's age!
You 'd think [1] no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And having once been wrong will be ſo ſtill.
He who to ſeem more deep than you or I
Extols old bards, [2] or Merlin's Propheſy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the ſons exalts the ſires.
[3] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd ſo worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
[4] In days of eaſe, when now the weary ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Luxury with Charles reſtor'd;

Vel quia nil [1] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [2] ſaliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[3] Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[4] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis

In ev'ry taſte of foreign courts improv'd,
"All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in [1] horſemanſhip t' excel,
Newmarket's glory roſe as Britain's fell;
The ſoldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then [2] marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
Lely on [3] animated canvaſs ſtole
The ſleepy eye that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;
On [4] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But [5] Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleaſure, now for church and ſtate;
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cauſe.

Cœpit, et in vitium fortuna labier æqua;
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [1] equorum;
[2] Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;
Suſpendit [3] picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nunc [4] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
[5] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?

[1] Time was a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To [2] worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold,
And place on good [3] security his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [4] poetic itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft' renounce the Muses, [5] lie,
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I.

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
[1] Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos [2] nominibus certis expendere nummos,
[3] Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [4] et calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [5] Parthis mendacior, et prius orto

When sick of Muse our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
[1] He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop:
Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his drop;
Ev'n [2] Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they 've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world should smile:)
But [3] those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, [4] reflect; the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely [5] av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [6] plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

Sole, vigil calamum, et chartas, et scrinia posco.
[1] Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
Promittunt [2] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[3] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
[4] Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis [5] avarus
Non temere est animus; [6] versus amat, hoc studet unum;

[1] Flight of caſhiers, or mobs, he 'll never mind,
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [2] cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his [3] diet.
  Of little uſe the man you may ſuppoſe
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
Yet let me ſhow a poet 's of ſome weight,
And ([4] tho' no ſoldier) uſeful to the ſtate.
[5] What will a child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What 's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace?
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome monſter of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains:

Detrimenta, [1] fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet;
Non [2] fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo [3];
[4] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi.
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,
[5] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;

He [1] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her laws,
And leave on Swift this grateful verſe engrav'd,
"The rights a Court attack'd a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure
Stretch'd to [2] relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And [3] ſtretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with pſalms;
The [4] boys and girls whom charity maintains
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [5] touch the country pews
Unleſs the gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?

Torquet [1] ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ;
Recte facta refert; [2] orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis: [3] inopem ſolatur et ægrum.
Caſtis cum [4] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [5] preces, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et preſentia numina ſentit;
Cœleſtes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;

Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down [1] Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [2] heav'n is won by violence of song.

[3] Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons and servants, share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And [4] taunts alternate innocently flew.

Avertit morbos, [1] metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[2] Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.

[3] Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[4] Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;

But times corrupt, and [1] nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome [2] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [3] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
[4] We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [5] numbers learn'd to flow.

Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [1] donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [2] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo que nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [3] bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
[4] Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [5] numerus Saturnius, et grave virus

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine;
Tho' still some traces of our [1] rustic vein,
And splay-foot verse remain'd and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation [2] breath'd from Civil war.
Exact [3] Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the [4] tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway, shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And [5] fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
  Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The [6] humbler Muse of Comedy require.

Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, [1] vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post [2] Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit.
Quod [3] Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem si digne vertere posset;
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, et acer:
Nam [4] spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [5] turpem putat inscriptis metuitque lituram.
  Creditur, ex [6] medio quia res arcessit, habere

But in known images of life I gueſs
The labour greater as th' indulgence leſs.
[1] Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed;
Tell me if [2] Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van. wants grace who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [3] looſely does Aſtrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [4] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [5] purſe our poet's work is done,
Alike to them by Pathos or by Pun.
  O you! whom [6] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [1] aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [2] partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi;
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [3] edacibus in paraſitis;
Quam [4] non aſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco:
Geſtit [5] enim nummum in loculos demittere; poſt ho
Securus, cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.
  Quem tulit ad ſcenam [6] ventoſo gloria curru,

[1] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play
The ſilly bard grows fat or falls away.
[2] There ſtill remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monſter of the Pit;
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, [3] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [4] the Bear, or the Black-Jock.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taſte of mobs, but now [5] of lords;
(Taſte! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe;
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [6] and horſe;

Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. [1] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[2] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [3] depugnare parati,
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [4] urſum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [5] equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [6] equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, biſhops, ermin, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With [1]laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd
Had he beheld an audience gape ſo wide.
Let bear or [2]elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah, luckleſs [3]Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [4]throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit aſcends!
Loud as the wolves on [5]Orcas' ſtormy ſteep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;

Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[1]Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [2]elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [3]narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ [4]pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[5]Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,

Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [1] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd
Sinks the [2] loſt actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?"
[3] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacker'd chair.
  Yet, leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
'Tis he [4] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And ſnatch me o'er the earth or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

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[1] Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus [2] oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[3] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, [4] meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,

[1] But not this part of the poetic ſtate
Alone deſerves the favour of the great.
Think of thoſe authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's ſenſe than gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring!
How ſhall we fill [2] a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why writers little claim your thought
I gueſs, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
We [3] poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [4] ſeaſon when to come and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience juſt like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourſelves when, to defend
A [5] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[1] Verum age, et his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem; ſi [2] munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[3] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
[4] Solicito damus, aut feſſo: cum lædimur, [5] unum

Repeat [1] unaſk'd; lament the [2] wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line:
But moſt when ſtraining with too weak a wing
We needs will write epiſtles to the King;
And [3] from the moment we oblige the Town,
Expect a place or penſion from the Crown;
Or, dubb'd Hiſtorians, by expreſs command
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.
  Yet [4] think, great Sir! (ſo many virtues ſhown)
Ah! think what poet beſt may make them known;
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome miniſter of grace,
Fit to beſtow the [5] Laureate's weighty place.
  [6] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum:
Cum loca jam [1] recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum [2] lamentamur non apparere labores
Noſtros, et tenui deducta poemata filo:
Cum [3] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt [4] operæ pretium cognoſcere, quales
Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [5] indigno non committenda poetæ.
[6] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille

And great [1] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding ſteed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want diſcerning ſpirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles,
Which made old Ben. and ſurly Dennis ſwear
"No Lord's anointed, but a [2] Ruſſian bear."
Not with ſuch [3] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The forms auguſt of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble, as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the manners and the mind.

Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit;
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe, præter Apellem,
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
Fortis [1] Alexandri vultum ſimulantia: quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, et ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares;
[2] Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ;]
Nec magis expreſſi [3] vultus per ahenea ſigna,

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [1]arms, your actions, your repoſe, to ſing!
What [2]ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft', how dearly bought!
How [3]barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
[4]Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in ſleep,
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [5]Aſia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But [6]verſe, alas! your majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric ſtrains.
The zeal of [7]fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [1]quam res componere geſtas,
Terrarumque [2]ſitus, et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [3]barbara regna, tuiſque
Auſpiciis totum [4]confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et [5]formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam;
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque par-
[6]Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet [vum
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem [7]ſtulte, quem diligit, urget;
Præcipue cum ſe numeris commendat et arte.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise they say [1] I bite.
A vile [2] encomium doubly ridicules;
There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [3] woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise."
Well may he [4] blush who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [5] journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis [1] deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
Nil moror [2] officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In [3] pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne [4] rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum [5] scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

IMITATED.

Dear Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verſe; take ſuch as I can ſend.
[1] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—" This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
" My only ſon, I 'd have him ſee the world:
" His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall hear.
" Sir, he 's your ſlave for twenty pound a-year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your barber, cook, upholſt'rer; what you pleaſe:
" A perfect genius at an op'ra ſong—
" To ſay too much might do my honour wrong.

HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. II.

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amici Neroni,
[1] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: " Hic et
" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
" Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
" Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
" Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

"Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a lord.
"But, Sir, to you with what would I not part?
"Tho', faith, I fear 't will break his mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to ſteal."
[1] If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit,
Who ſent the thief that ſtole the caſh away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
[2] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went I could not write;

"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius æquo
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
"Res urget me nulla:---ſemel hic ceſſavit; et (ut fit)
"In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.
"Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga lædat."
[1] Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[2] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi

You faid the fame; and are you difcontent
With laws to which you gave your own affent?
Nay, worfe, to afk for verfe at fuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[1] In Anna's wars a foldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purfe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one lucklefs night
He flept, (poor dog!) and loft it to a doit.
This put the man in fuch a defp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againft the foe, himfelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, fcal'd a caftle-wall,
Tore down a ftandard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praife, and fome reward befide.

Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea fævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiftola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quæreris fuper hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[1] Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis
Ærumnis, laffus dum noctu ftertit, ad affem
Perdiderat: poft hoc vehemens lupus, et fibi et hofti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præfidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeftis,

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 't is no great matter)
"Go on, my friend," he cry'd, "ſee yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral! ſuch a ſot?
"Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[1] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon:
Beſides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art, to know the good from bad;
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I bone, quò virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.
[1] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſilvas academi quærere verum.

But knottier points we knew not half so well
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses help to undergo it,
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes
If I would scribble rather than repose.
[i] Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;

Dura, sed emovere loco me tempore grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?
[i] Singula de nobus anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

In one our frolics, one amuſements end,
In one a miſtreſs drops, in one a friend.
This ſubtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes now ſtands ſtill?
[1] But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two?
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt, an egg:
Hard taſk to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts!
[2] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?

Tendunt extorquere poëmata. quid faciam vis?
[1]Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
[2] Præter cætera, me Romana poëmata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta relictis

Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul, attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'neſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed;
A poet begs me I will hear him read.
In Palace-yard at nine you 'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my cauſe comes on—
There 's a rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh! but a wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well, however, as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two aldermen diſpute it with an aſs?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own ſ-r-v--nce in a car?

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.

[1] Go, lofty poet! and in ſuch a crowd
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run
To eaſe and ſilence ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doſe at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

[2] The man who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while Town, and Court, and City, roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers at their doors,

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[1] I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contacta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[2] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus Urbis,

Shall I in London act this idle part,
Compoſing ſongs for fools to get by heart?
[1] The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray as a wit.
"'Twas, Sir, your law"--and, "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Your's Cowper's manner—and your's Talbot's [ſenſe."
[2] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpeare, and he 'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's cave, to ſee
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.

Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?
[1] Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mutius ille,
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
[2] Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile viſu,
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.

Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
" Or, I 'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite,
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er; I 'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
[1]In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within is happy all day long:

Cædimur, et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello,
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
[1]Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,

But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men who write ſuch verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they 'll degrade; and, ſometimes, in its ſtead,
[1] In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept to wake,
Words that wiſe Bacon or brave Rawleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what 's begot by Senſe)

Si taceas, laudant quicquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poëma,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
[1] Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet nova, quæ genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens, et liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line;
Then poliſh all with ſo much life and eaſe
You think 't is Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing flows from art, not chance,
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
[1] If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a lord;
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:

Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit; et torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
[1] Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro:

In all but this a man of ſober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
" My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple vote."
[1] Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it!) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull;
I 'll ev'n leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I 'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my mind.

Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
[1] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the ſoul.

[1]Soon as I enter at my country door
My mind reſumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot
Meet and rejoin me in the penſive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.

[2]If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not, with equal eaſe,
Confeſs as well your folly as diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the ſmart, but not the vice."

[3]When golden angels ceaſe to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When ſervile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,

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[1] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:
[2] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paráſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
[3] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret lævius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui

Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence more than he.
[1] If there be truth in law, and uſe can give
A property, that 's your's on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [2] Worldly hens, nay, partridge, ſold to Town,
His ven'ſon too a guinea makes your own:

Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et cùm ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iiſdem?
At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te ſiquis avarior uno.
[1] Si proprium eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et ære eſt,
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum ſentit.
[2] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto.

He bought at thouſands what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny and he paid a pound.
[1] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,
[2] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.

Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emptum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
[1] Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam
[2] Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions, (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe)
Alas, my Bathurſt! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let riſing granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids, appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 't is all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer, fall.
[1] Gold, ſilver, iv'ry vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[2] Talk what you will of taſte, my friend! you'll find
Two of a face as ſoon as of a mind.

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, et hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[1] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curet habere.
[2] Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, et ludere, et ungi

Why of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights for women ſports and wines,
All Townſhend's turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu—, with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by ſtrong benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will.
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the ſame.
[1] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place;

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum,
Scit genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis, in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.
[1] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem

But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays
How free or frugal I ſhall paſs my days;
I who at ſometimes ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore,
Another not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad like a boy to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd if ſordid want be far away.
[1] What is 't to me (a paſſenger, God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth;
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumptum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
[1] Pauperies immunda domus procul abſit. ego, utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,

[1] "But why all this of av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone:
But does no other lord it at this hour
As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs drawn ſo near its end?
Canſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'neſs done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
[1] Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?

[1] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You 've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank, your fill.
Walk ſober off, before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe
Whom folly pleaſes, and whoſe follies pleaſe.

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[1] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Again? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah, ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah! ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To number Five direct your doves,
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming loves;

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE. I.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa Venus diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent, part;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend:
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then ſhall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His houſe, emboſom'd in the grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:

Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commeſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiæ tuæ:
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli;
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.

Thither the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves and young Deſires;
There ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong:
There youths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?

Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyræque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſs'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah, cruel!) from my arms!
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal;
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die
Which ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was or Newton nam'd;

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis.
Non, ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces,
Steſichorique graves Camenæ:
Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Theſe rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And thoſe new heav'ns and ſyſtems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the ſage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead. 16

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

[Written in the year 1708.]

I.

Descend, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and flow
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn, organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies.
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild muſic floats;
Till by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Mufic minds an equal temper know,
Nor fwell too high nor fink too low.
If in the breaft tumultuous joys arife,
Mufic her foft affuafive voice applies;
Or when the foul is prefs'd with cares
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors fhe fires with animated founds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus roufes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her fnakes;
Inteftine war no more our paffions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's caufe provokes to arms,
How martial mufic ev'ry bofom warms!
So when the firft bold veffel dar'd the feas,
High on the ftern the Thracian rais'd his ftrain,
While Argo faw her kindred trees
Defcend from Pelion to the main:
Tranfported demigods ftood round,
And men grew heroes at the found,
Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
Each chief his fev'nfold fhield difplay'd,
And half unfheath'd the fhining blade;
And feas, and rocks, and fkies, rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon ſurrounds
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But, hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre,
And, ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire;
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus! ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;

By the heroes' armed ſhades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the Fatal Siſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;

And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And Fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve years old.

Happy the man whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſs'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation;
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliſs, of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature! ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite!
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

THE SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

Yes, thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there muſt be ſtill
One giant-vice ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho ſmiles at other whores.

SATIRE II.

Sir, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the reſt.

I grant that poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Exciſe and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's is the poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow;
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.

Tho' poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by 's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move,

One ſings the fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in Nature's, ſpite the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat:
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe paſs'd thro' him no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.

One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery;
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery:
And they who write to lords rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th' excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue
As his own things: and they 're his own, 't is true;

I paſs o'er all thoſe confeſſors and martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Outcant old Eſdras, or outdrink his heir,
Outuſure Jews, or Iriſhmen outſwear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no canoniſt can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,

For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To . . . . out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Litany,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins canoniſts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on muſt make a calf an ox)

And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per* year?
Or court a wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
  Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury Lane.

Hath made a lawyer, which, (alas!) of late,
But ſcarce a poet, jollier of this ſtate
Than are new-benefic'd miniſters: he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes,
His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
          Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's ſoft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys roar.
When ſick with poetry, and poſſeſs'd with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe

'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when priſ'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only ſuretiſhip that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in chariots Peter puts his truſt:
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *

Law-practiſe for meer gain, bold ſouls repute
Worſe than imbrothell'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear
That only ſuretiſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lie in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs far

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal,
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the ſea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
And when rank widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a duke to Janſſen punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piece-meal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate;

Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he 'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piece-meal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.

Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil codes, with all their gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.
But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dext'rouſly omits *ſes heires*:
No commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
Or in quotation ſhrewd divines leave out
Thoſe words that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowl and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clauſe.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances big as gloſs'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardneſs)
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not, nor for theſe written pays,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt days,
When Luther was profeſt, he did deſire
Short Pater-noſters, ſaying as a fryer
Each day his beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r the Power and Glory clauſe)

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the Veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh that ſtill, in lordly domes,
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt mean obſerve
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 't is true, we all allow,
But, oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:

But when he ſells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
And ſlily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or ſenſe; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the
doubt. [fore
Where are thoſe ſpread woods which cloth'd hereto-
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt without offence;
Let no court ſycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly informer watch, theſe words to draw
Within the reach of treaſon or the law.

None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh!) w'allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute-laws.

SATIRE IV.

Well; if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.

I 've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The poets' hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court!—the devil would have it ſo.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to maſs in jeſt, (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 't was no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,

My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen.
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to court: but as Glare which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred marks, which is the ſtatute's curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo 't pleas'd my Deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,

As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I ſuffer'd this. Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries' ſtudies,
Than Africk's monſters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than ſtrangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe:

And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what 's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.

One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are.
His cloaths were strange tho' coarse, and black tho'
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been bare;
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,

Talkers I 've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I 've heard, and Budgell too,
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the haſh of tongues
A pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants' motley tongue, ſoldiers' bombaſt,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

That all the ſhot of Dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit, he cries, no ſtranger to your fame,
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What ſpeech eſteem you moſt? The King's, ſaid I.
But the beſt words?—O, Sir, the Dictionary.
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute,
And perfect ſpeaker?—Onſlow, paſt diſpute.
But, Sir, of writers? Swift for cloſer ſtyle,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.
Why, yes, 't is granted, theſe indeed may paſs;
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay, troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 't was travel made them what they were.

This fellow, chuſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I ſillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Moſt ſweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jeſuits, and two rev'rend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your Apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all theſe may paſs

Thus others' talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own;
'Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
Obliging Sir! for courts you ſure were made,
Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
Spirits like you ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen;
The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen.
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus*:
And as for courts, forgive me if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way.
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;

By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, ſure the Tow'r had ſtood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes' faſhion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaſte:

And tho' the Court ſhow vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
Oh 't is the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!
Then happy man who ſhows the tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the royal family;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards, talk,
And get, by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, eaſe and bread.
Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! ſtrangely low,
And coarſe of phraſe—your Engliſh all are ſo.

No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a highſtretch'd luteſtring ſqueakt, O, Sir!
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings! At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk;
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique coarſe;
So 're all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.

How elegant your Frenchmen! Mine, d' ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow 's clean.
Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy.
Not, Sir, my only; I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke:
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 't is ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
  He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worſe; ſo I (fool!) found
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſs,
And aſks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and as a ſtill which ſtays

He asks, What news? I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd he knows, and
A subtle minister may make of that: [what
Who sins, with whom; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the secret deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:

A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, so tells many a lye,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houshold trash he knows. He knows
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows
A subtile statesman may gather of that: [what
He knows who loves whom, and who by poyson
Hasts to an office's reversion:

Who makes a truſt of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes riſe, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis ſee the country or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing courtier will have toll:
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'ſquire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
   As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate—yet he thruſts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſtboys o'er by heart.

He knows who 'ath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe old iron, boots, ſhoos, and egg-
Shells to tranſport. Shortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome courtier; and, wiſer than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a patient, yet
He thruſts on more; and as he 'ad undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.

Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat:
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints 't is by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,

Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, ſo I ſigh and ſweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a priviledg'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for ev'ry office paid:
He ſaith, Our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
That offices are intail, and that there are
Perpetuities of them laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare and Dunkirkers.
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe he notes;
Who loves whores . . . .

Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venemous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross: but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,

I quak'd at heart; and, ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
  Bear me, ſome god! oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome ſolitude, the nurſe of ſenſe,
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A viſion hermits can to hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.

And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ranſom. But as fiddlers ſtill,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)
Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this ſinful Town,
Care if a liv'ry lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble ſerving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou who, ſince yeſterday, haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a Court?

Of ſuiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he ſaw hell did advance
Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer; then
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and, my miſtreſs, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobilitie?
No, no; thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
Such as ſwells the bladder of our Court? I

Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawingroom,
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.

Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a-clock, and paſt; all whom the meuſe,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the preſence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As freſh and ſweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, crys the flatterer; and bring

That's velvet for a king! the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 't will be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers' clothes?
For theſe are actors too as well as thoſe.
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a veſſel and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him.

Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage as court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladys come. As pirats, which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with cotcheneal,
The men board them, and praiſe (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns I thought
This cauſe; theſe men men's wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets dye.

Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And, Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen
To ſee thoſe antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer pagod.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt-proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
But, oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime a hole?
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head;

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair looſe ſet.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe himſelf at door refine,
As if the preſence were a Moſchite; and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.

Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies ſmile and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things proteſt, proteſt.
Peace, fools! or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu!
 Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.
But here 's the captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look 's an oath.

So in immaculate clothes and ſymmetry
Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts;
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquiſition,
And whiſpers by Jeſu ſo oft', that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying of our Lady's pſalter. But 't is fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extream only doth

The captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that 's enough,
Tho' his ſoul 's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
  Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all:

Call a rough careleſſneſs good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm!
He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe: he keeps all in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go thro' the great chamber, (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among

Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure
Whose satire 's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what 's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but Queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine.
I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away. Altho' I yet
(With Machabee' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

F. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes the Court ſee nothing in 't.
You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves he laſh'd no ſort of vice:
Horace would ſay Sir Billy ſerv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do bus'neſs, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the ſex,
In rev'rend biſhops note ſome ſmall neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggiſh thing,
Who cropt our ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make Auguſtus ſmile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and ſhame, and was a kind of ſcreen.

But, 'faith, your very friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are who wiſh you 'd jeſt no more—
And where 's the glory? 't will be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir Robert—
P. See Sir Robert!—hum:—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of ſocial pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is I dare laugh out.
F. Why, yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;
A horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at honeſty,
A joke on Jekyll, or ſome odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig.
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the ſtage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who 's the man ſo near
"His prince that writes in verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer Lyttleton! and I 'll engage
The worthy youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verſes vile, his whiſper baſe,
You 'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe.

Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt Fleury,
But well may put ſome ſtateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are ſore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jeſt
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt,
Did not the ſneer of more impartial men
At ſenſe and virtue balance all agen.
Judicious wits ſpread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu diſtinction, ſatire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmleſs characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Oſborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly ſenſe;
The firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come! that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the nation's ſenſe;

Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad verſe on Carolina's urn,
And hail her paſſage to the realms of reſt,
All parts perform'd, and all her children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its time and place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in diſgrace;
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all ſatire in all changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and ſoft, as ſaints remove to heav'n,
All ties diſſolv'd, and ev'ry ſin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There where no paſſion, pride, or ſhame, tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet nepenthe of a court;
There where no father's, brother's, friend's, diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their place;
But paſt the ſenſe of human miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a queſtion or a job. [glory,
P. Good Heav'n forbid that I ſhould blaſt their
Who know how like Whig miniſters to Tory,

And when three fov'reigns dy'd could fcarce be vext,
Confid'ring what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in filent wonder, feen fuch things
As pride in flaves, and avarice in kings?
And at a peer or peerefs fhall I fret,
Who ftarves a fifter or forfwears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaft;
But fhall the dignity of vice be loft?
Ye Gods! fhall Cibber's fon, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his mafter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a ftatefman's fkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount difpatch'd himfelf, he play'd the man,
And fo may'ft thou, illuftrious Pafferan!
But fhall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himfelf and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muft not, bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our fin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modeft Fofter, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A fimple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:

Let humble Allen, with an awkward ſhame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She 's ſtill the ſame belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone if ſhe forgets her birth,
And ſtoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 't is the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let Greatneſs own her, and ſhe 's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confeſs,
Chaſte matrons praiſe her, and grave biſhops bleſs;
In golden chains the willing world ſhe draws,
And her's the goſpel is and her's the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
Old England's Genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the ſhame.
In ſoldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See all our nobles begging to be ſlaves!
See all our fools aſpiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but villany."

Yet may this verſe (if ſuch a verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the ſins of Thirty-nine?
Vice with ſuch giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing genius ſins up to my ſong.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a daſh.
Spare then the perſon, and expoſe the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the ſharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſcuſe on all the kind.

Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that 's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who forſwore a debt,
I never nam'd; the Town 's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the ſecret, and not you!
The bribing ſtateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Muſt great offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to ſpare the knight requires,
As beaſts of nature may we hunt the ſquires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a biſhop may I name a dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that 's riſing in the trade.
P. If not the tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country 's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter 's weighty, pray conſider twice:

Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs villain, than the great?
Alas! the ſmall diſcredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the ſcribe.
Then better ſure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better miniſters, or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—Why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire then nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that Wild, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad;
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praiſe a courtier where I can.
When I confeſs there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodneſs, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Eſher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The ſcene, the maſter, op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a biſhop I can ſpy deſert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benſon giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my love:
I ſhun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft' in the clear ſtill mirror of retreat
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great:
Carleton's calm ſenſe and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pult'ney, Cheſterfield, forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the field?
Or Wyndham juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay No foll'wer, but a friend.
Yet think not friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where ſhe ſhines I praiſe,
Point ſhe to prieſt or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver caſt a glory.

I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs or my Lord May'r.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret bias to a knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
  F. Then why ſo few commended?
  P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the virtue and I'll find the verſe.
But random praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each mother aſks it for her booby ſon,
Each widow aſks it for the beſt of men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richlieu wanted Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muſe's friendſhip can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand.
To Cato Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
  P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you 'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? come then, I 'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham 's a coward, Polwarth is a ſlave,
And Lyttleton a dark deſigning knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert 's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
What! ſhall each ſpur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-penſion'd ſycophant pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend,
Then wiſely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 't was my gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I ſpare the miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His ſaws are toothleſs, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,

The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd he 'd take the pains to kick the reſt;
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's ſake; where 's th' affront to you?
Againſt your Worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[In pow'r a ſervant, out of pow'r a friend]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin,
What 's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The prieſt whoſe flattery bedropp'd the crown
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whoſe ſpeech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let courtly wits to wits afford ſupply,
As hog to hog in huts of Weſtphaly:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouſe;
The laſt full fairly gives it to the Houſe.

F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line,
Quite turns my ſtomach—P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 't is agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no egg in Japhet's face be thrown
Becauſe the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never patriot then declaim at gin
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous paſtor blame a failing ſpouſe
Without a ſtaring reaſon on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult 's not on man but God?
  Aſk you what provocation I have had?
The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be your's.
Mine as a foe profeſs'd to falſe pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;
Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
  F. You 're ſtrangely proud.
  P. So proud, I am no ſlave;
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal,
To rouſe the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your ſtains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of Day,
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes ſaints of queens and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette or the laſt Addreſs.
When black Ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
A monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a ſtar.
Not ſo when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's
Her prieſteſs Muſe forbids the good to die, [ſhrine,
And opes the temple of Eternity.

There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Far other ſtars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unſully'd mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)
Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry ſick'ning ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt pen for freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of law.
Here, laſt of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the dead;
And for that cauſe which made your fathers ſhine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on Man.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

*To Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer**.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, juſt beheld and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, adorn'd!
Bleſs'd in each ſcience! bleſs'd in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft' haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 't is a ſoul like thine;

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems, publiſhed by our Author after the ſaid Earl's impriſonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made,
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the ſcaffold or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays;
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſunſet of thy various day;
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE II.

To James Craggs, Eſq. Secretary of State, 1720.

A soul as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs flattery.

All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a miniſter, but ſtill a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The partriot's plain but untrod path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting.*

THIS verſe be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuſe
This from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvaſs call the mimic face;
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe art and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of ſiſter-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

* This Epiſtle and the two following were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717.

Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft' in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft' our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft' review, each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend!
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repoſe where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade.
While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye,
A fading freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall well-poliſh'd gem, the work of years *!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?

* Freſnoy employed above 20 years in finiſhing his Poem.

Thence endlefs ftreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the fketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, fupplies
An angel's fweetnefs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
  Mufe! at that name thy facred forrow fhed,
Thofe tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of defire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or foftens life,
The tender fifter, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
  Yet ftill her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modeft cheek fhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r! that ev'ry feafon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thoufand years.
Thus Churchill's race fhall other hearts furprife,
And other beauties envy Worfley's eyes;
Each pleafing Blount fhall endlefs fmiles beftow,
And foft Belinda's blufh for ever glow.
  Oh! lafting as thofe colours may they fhine!
Free as thy ftroke, yet faultlefs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works difplay,
Soft without weaknefs, without glaring gay;
Led by fome rule that guides, but not conftrains,
And finifh'd more thro' happinefs than pains:
The kindred arts fhall in their praife confpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ftring the lyre.

Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE IV.

To Miſs Blount, with the works of Voiture, 1717.

In theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy art may happy nature ſeem;
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away,
Till Fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;

'The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:
'The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious, comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach:
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to time and place.
Critics in wit or life are hard to pleaſe;
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your ſex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame,
Made ſlaves by honour, and made fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt;
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring ſex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning ſervant turns a haughty lord.

Ah! quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let falſe ſhews nor empty titles pleaſe:
Aim not at joy, but reſt content with eaſe.
 The gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bleſs, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched, thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no ducheſs at her heart.
 But, Madam, if the Fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt.
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
 Thus Voiture's early care * ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.

Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers joys his gentle ghoſt;
Pleas'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 't is our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE V.

To the ſame, on her leaving the Town after the coronation, 1715.

As ſome fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh,
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent;
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, Park, aſſembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,

Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that 's the way to heav'n.
Some ſquire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whoſe game is Whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries—No words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See coronations riſe on ev'ry green:
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods or empty walls!
So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy thinks of you;

Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vanquiſh quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight:
Vex'd to be ſtill in Town I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. John Moore, author of the celebrated worm-powder.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceived by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find
E'er ſince our grandam's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The nymph whoſe tail is all on flame
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

EPISTLE VII.

To Mrs. M. B. on her birth-day.

Oh! be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend:
Not with thoſe toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a ſieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain ſome ſad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 't is, alas! too clear
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or ecſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southern, on his birth-day, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin but poetry,

This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

CARDELIA.

The Baſſet-table ſpread, the tallier come,
Why ſtays Smilinda in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier waits for you.
SMIL. Ah, Madam! ſince my Sharper is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft deluding air, [fair.
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning
CARD. Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains;
As you by love, ſo I by fortune, croſt;
One, one bad deal three Septlevas have loſt.
SMIL. Is that the grief which you compare with
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign: [mine?
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.
CARD. A lover loſt is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice loſt; oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen diſtreſs?

SMIL. See Betty Lovet! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty ſhall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft' the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By cards' ill uſage, or by lovers loſt.
LOV. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want ſome tea.
CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid ſtrive,
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine,
The metal and the workmanſhip divine!
SMIL. This ſnuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove; [love,
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
Hazardia bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This ſnuff-box—on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine,
This ſnuff-box will I ſtake the prize is mine.
CARD. Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear.
And, oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.

In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave:
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my Septleva I lose.
SMIL. But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to Town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow checks enliv'ning red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my int'rest Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.
CARD. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
When Winnall tally'd I would punt no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun.
SMIL. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd? [ceiv'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love.
CARD. But of what marble must that breast be
To gaze on Basset and remain unwarm'd? [form'd

When kings, queens, knaves, are ſet in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train,
The winner's pleaſure, and the loſer's pain,
In bright confuſion open Rouleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye:
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain,
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Baſſet, you who reaſon boaſt,
And ſee if reaſon muſt not there be loſt.

SMIL. What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles! when his bluſhes riſe!
When awful love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves—I whiſper to myſelf, He loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment prudence well were loſt.

CARD. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybonne bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Baſſet's heav'nly joys and pleaſing cares?

SMIL. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at ſhow:

Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.
LOV. Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea 's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's ſide;
The ſnuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (ſays an author, where I need not ſay)
Two trav'llers found an oyſter in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While, ſcale in hand, Dame Juſtice paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows, it before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take, (ſays Juſtice) take ye each a ſhell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

Anſwer to the following queſtion of Mrs. Howe.

WHAT is prud'ry?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty ſeldom.

'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows;
'Tis (no, 't is n't) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe,
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious ſhrew
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Occaſioned by ſome verſes of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

Muse, 't is enough at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A prologue by Mr. Pope, to a play for Mr. Dennis's benefit, in 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great diſtreſs, a little before his death.*

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;

Was there a gen'rous a reflecting mind,
But pity'd Beliſarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the ſight?
A common ſoldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons riſe
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs Dennis lies;
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A deſp'rate bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and fierce,
Againſt the Gothic ſons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And ſhook the ſtage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to daſh each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſcorn;
If there's a critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage,
If there's a ſenior who contemns this age,
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

When ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high ſoul could feel
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steele:

Some ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and firſt turns chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her ſimplicity:
In a tranſlated ſuit then tries the Town,
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan:
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To baw'd for others, and go ſhares with pun[illegible]

Song, by a perſon of quality. Written in the year 1733.

I.

Flutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions:
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion! ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my elia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander
Swiftly purling in a round,

On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I KNOW the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then, (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver;
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman 's deaf, and does not hear.

On his Grotto at Twickenham, composed of marbles, ſpars, gems, ores, and minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the ſhady cave;

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill;
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where, nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought,
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.

On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady Frances Shirley a ſtandiſh and two pens.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
"And take," ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene,
"Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
"This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
"And if a vice dares keep the field,
"This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky,
And dipp'd them in the ſable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

" What well?" what weapon? Flavia cries,
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel, and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend! take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
" L— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run on ivory ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian Queen! and ſober charms!
" I tell ye, fool! there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

EPITAPHS.

I. *On Charles Earl of Dorſet, in the church of Withyam in Suſſex.*

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muſe's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
The ſcourge of pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate;
Yet ſoft his nature, tho' ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay.
Bleſs'd Satiriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſs'd Courtier! who could king and country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his friendſhips and his eaſe.
Bleſs'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets, ſhine,
And patriots ſtill, or poets, deck the line.

II. *On Sir William Trumball, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having reſigned his place, died in his retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire*, 1716.

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt courtier, yet a patriot too,
Juſt to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from ſuperſtition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only ſon of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire*, 1720.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy-once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

IV. *On James Craggs, Esq. in Westminster-Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. *Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Westminster-Abbey.*

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.

Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſs'd in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VI. *On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breaſt.*

HERE reſts a woman, good without pretence,
Bleſs'd with plain reaſon and with ſober ſenſe:
No conqueſt ſhe but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No arts eſſay'd but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong yet ſo refin'd,
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by tortures try'd,
The ſaint ſuſtain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII. *On the monument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and of his ſiſter Mary, erected by their father the Lord Digby, in the church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire,* 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great:
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:

Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
  And thou, bleſs'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!
  Yet take theſe tears, mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a ſtone, a verſe, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Weſtminſter-Abbey*, 1723.

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a maſter, taught,
Whoſe art was Nature, and whoſe pictures thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirſt of praiſe.
  Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IX. *On General Henry Withers, in Weſtminſter-Abbey,* 1729.

Here, Withers! reſt; thou braveſt, gentleſt, mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O ſoft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
  Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X. *On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Eaſthamſted in Berks,* 1730.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man;
A poet bleſs'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI. *On Mr. Gay, in Weſtminſter-Abbey*, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, ſimplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies Gay.

XII. *Intended for Sir Iſaac Newton, in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God ſaid, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII. *On Dr. Francis Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, who died in exile at Paris,* 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
'Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs ghoſt!
O more than fortune, friends, or country loſt!
Is there on earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—Save my country, Heav'n,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV. *On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age,* 1735.

IF modeſt youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate,
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told how many hopes lie here!

The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd;
The ſenate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours and leſs noiſy fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle Buckingham,
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or ſages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt tribute of a ſaint to Heav'n.

XV. *For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

HEROES and kings! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

XVI. *Another on the ſame.*

UNDER this marble, or under this ſill,
Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will,
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not, a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in God that as well as he was he ſhall be.

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